



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE VOICE OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA



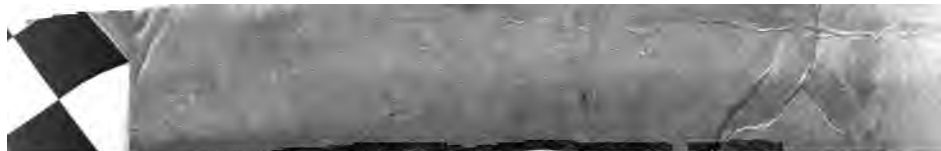
THE ENGLISH IN THE
JUDGMENT OF THE NATIVES

By

Dr. Hans Poeschel

Published by AUGUST SCHERL G.M.B.H. · BERLIN

DT445
P7452
STANFORD LIBRARIES
LIBRARY



*Gift of
to J. Cotton*



THE VOICE OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA

THE ENGLISH IN THE
JUDGMENT OF THE NATIVES

By

DR. HANS POESCHEL

WITH FOREWORDS BY

Governor **Dr. Schnee**

and

General von Lettow-Vorbeck.

STANFORD LIBRARIES

Published by

AUGUST SCHERL G.M.B.H. · BERLIN SW.

DT 945
P4452

94387

Copyright by

AUGUST SCHERL G.M.B.H. · BERLIN 1919

YRABLL 1844-1900

FIRST FOREWORD.

We are in peril of being robbed of our beloved German East Africa. But we German East Africans know that we have won a warm and enduring place in the hearts of our black charges — and for all time.

Great traditions have been established and the natives for generations to come will again and again recount their heroic deeds to their children and their children's children, — deeds which they accomplished under the leadership of Germans. Nor must we ourselves ever forget these things — any more than our black friends and comrades-in-arms. The incomparable faithfulness and devotion displayed by them must for all time be given a place in our history and a place in our hearts.

Dr. Hans Poeschel is well qualified to portray the thoughts and feelings of our black charges, whom he grew to know so well during his years of service in German East Africa. He shows clearly how our enemy has attempted by means of falsehoods to delude the world into the belief that the natives of our colonies had become alienated from us and preferred English rule. Dr. Poeschel has gathered a great body of material which

must furnish a clear answer, at least in *this* connection, to Pilate's inquiry: »What is Truth?«

I myself am absolutely convinced that the natives long for the moment of our return. As a token of this, I recall the heart-felt cries of the blacks in the district of Tabora when a German recently passed their way: »*Wadeutschi rudini!*« (Come back to us, you Germans!) I know that this cry, even though it remain a silent cry, will arise unceasingly from the hearts of our native African charges.

DR. HEINRICH SCHNEE,
Governor of German East Africa.

SECOND FOREWORD.

It was neither military ambition nor a lust for war which enabled our East African Protectorate Troops to hold out so long and with so much driving force. It was rather the consciousness that, cut off as we were from home, we still had one implacable duty to fulfil under the burning sun of Africa. We knew that it behooved us, to the best of our power, to help lighten the burden of war for our sorely-beset home country, by forcing the enemy to employ strong forces against us to the very end — forces which he was thus prevented from using on other fronts.

When I ask myself how it was that we were able to hold out so well in German East Africa, then I must give first place to the loyalty of the natives.

Again and again during the campaign, even the most experienced among us could not but be surprised at the deeply-rooted confidence and attachment which the native population displayed towards us. During the operations of the fighting troops, the peaceful native inhabitants could infallibly be reckoned upon to furnish us with reliable moral and material support.

The experiences of the four long years of war have developed in me the unshakeable conviction that the natives of German East Africa felt happy and contented

under German rule and that they desire its return. So far as my observations went, the closer acquaintance which our blacks made with the occupying powers at that time, has merely served to deepen and strengthen the good opinion they entertained of us.

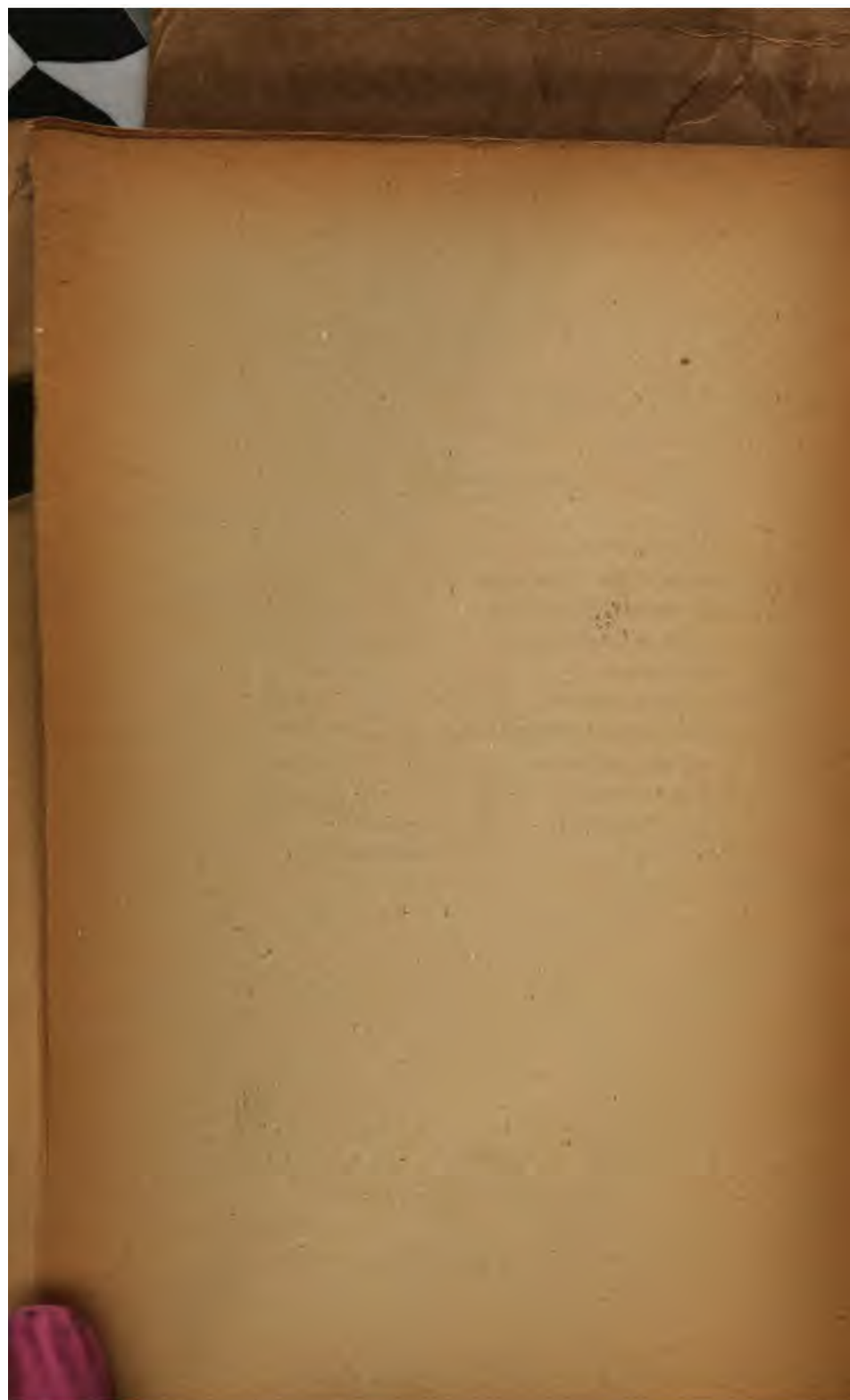
It will prove as impossible to destroy this attachment to the Germans among the natives, as to destroy their inspiring memory of the deeds which they achieved in common with us and of the blood which, in common with us, they shed in the defence of their homeland.

Dr. Poeschel, a true East African, fought upon the European battlefields for the same goal for which we fought in the African plains. The picture of East Africa and its people which Dr. Poeschel presents with such clear and graphic strokes, embodies the general impression which every East African among us brought home with him from the war.

GENERAL VON LETTOW-VORBECK,
Commander-in-Chief of the Protectorate Troops.

CONTENTS.

| | page |
|------------------------------------|------|
| What is Truth? | 9 |
| Who is the Tyrant? | 19 |
| Voluntary War Service | 24 |
| Who is the Hero? | 30 |
| Disillusion | 37 |
| Black Comrades | 47 |
| Only a pro-German Caste? | 54 |
| »Tenderer Hands.« | 61 |
| The Question of Money | 69 |
| The Plebiscite | 77 |



A photograph showing a brown paper bag and a white envelope. The bag is on the left, and the envelope is on the right. The bag has a white label with some text, but it is mostly illegible. The envelope is white and has a brown flap. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

»The *Germans* have not understood how to win the loyalty and the confidence of the natives in their colonies.«

»The *Germans* have inflicted unendurable burdens and injustice upon the helpless population of their protectorates.«

»German rule in the colonies is a brutal, idealess system of mere force without the slightest appreciation of the thoughts and feelings of the subjugated peoples. Its purpose is merely the oppression, the exploitation and finally the extermination of the natives.«

»Hence the *English* and their allies have been greeted everywhere in the German colonies by the hapless population as the saviours, as the bringers of freedom and a better future. The *Englishmen* at once captures the hearts of the blacks. And quite justly so. For no one understands how to treat the unsophisticated children of uncivilized lands so justly and so humanely as he, to preserve and protect their native peculiarities and human dignity and to further their moral and physical welfare.«

»Ask the native peoples in the German colonies. Everywhere we hear the cry: »Away with the hated German tyranny! Welcome, Union Jack!«

Such are a few of the cries and phrases which rise clamorously from the enemy camp. These charges and

statements have been spread, broadcast throughout the world and may be said to have almost attained the significance of an international creed. Their purpose is clear and simple. It is to persuade the public opinion of the world that England and her allies possess a moral right — that they are even forced by a moral duty to the conscience of mankind, to deprive Germany of her colonial possessions and every possibility of further colonial participation. The attempt is made to prove that robbery is not robbery, that wrong is right, that black is white nay, more — that it is also red and green. A vast propagandistic gas-attack has been inaugurated as a preparatory measure to the diplomatic acts of assault, battery and grand larceny to be made upon Germany as a colonial power.

Even in Germany this insidious and yet palpable poison has not been entirely innocuous. No matter how incredible these absurd and monstrous charges must appear to every German who is familiar with the nature and the spirit of his countrymen — yet these charges come from abroad, from foreign lands and are in circulation there, regardless of whether these foreign lands be enemy lands or not. The German Michael listens, shakes his head and then in an hour of doubt and perturbation, tentatively asks himself: »Is there not perhaps a grain of truth in these things?«

This makes the case for Truth doubly difficult. Witness for the German cause? Germany is still cut off from her colonies. They are now occupied by Germany's enemies. The majority of our unfortunate countrymen who chanced to be in the colonies at the outbreak of war, still languish in prisoner's camps — scattered everywhere throughout the world. *Truth is the chief contraband of war.* Every letter,

every line from Africa or the South Seas must pass the enemy censor's pencil or scissors—and the censors are vigilant and duly instructed to watch for the slightest grain of unwelcome enlightenment. Every meagre bit of news favourable to Germany which manages to reach us, may be overtrumped and out-trumpeted by a hundred opposed statements of our enemies — statements which we are unable to test or disprove — no matter how brazen may be their falsity, how crass their absurdity and their partisanship.

We lulled ourselves in the faith that historical facts must be more potent than printed, cabled, »wirelessed« lies. We believed that the world must see for itself that the primitive peoples of Africa would not suffer and fight for years, nor die by the thousands in order to remain loyal to their hated oppressors. But this, alas, was an error — and a grievous one. The historians of a future day will be able to do honour to this fact. But the swift, the emotional, the superficial present clamours for the melodramatic film, the great masses respond only to the grossest and most sensational details.

And the Briton, catering assiduously to these baser appetites and passions, furnishes the fuel and the food with a large and lavish hand. There is a plethora of government memorials and private pamphlets, of Reuter telegrams and newspaper articles and items — all of them bent upon calling forth in the minds of the enemy and the neutral nations and painting in the coarsest colours, precisely that vision of German colonial activities most useful for England's nefarious purpose.

It is only recently that an English White Book has become known in Germany, a work which occupies itself

with the attitude of the natives of our colonies towards the question of their future government.

The result was, of course, to have been foreseen, namely that English rule is »almost universally« preferred to German. Aiyuk and Bawak and Tabi and Taku and dozens of other worthy blackamoors have confided this great truth in solemn protocols to their beloved Britons and have even made their crosses under the statement which the white man wrote down. Surely this must be conclusive, overwhelming proof — as strong »as proofs of Holy Writ?«

Of course every man who has had even a passing acquaintance with the dusky races of the earth, knows how much value is to be placed upon such official taking of testimony. He is well aware that a true negro will never venture to say anything to the mighty one in whose power he momentarily happens to be other than precisely what the Mighty One wishes to hear.

No greater, more despicable farce could be played than this. Let us consider the attendant circumstances.

At first the Germans are attacked and overwhelmed in their own territory, then they are made prisoners, driven from hearth and home, reviled and maltreated and humiliated in the eyes of the natives by every possible means which diabolical malignity can devise. Day after day it is bruited about that their return to the colony will never be tolerated, and that the invader will remain master in the land. And then this or that native chieftain is summoned to official headquarters and is asked in the friendliest, most ingratiating manner: »Now, brother, tell us, heart to heart, do you love us more — or the Germans?«

Surely it would be almost a miracle if under conditions such as these even a single voice would be raised in favour of the old masters?

And yet this miracle has come to pass. It is not true that our blacks wish to become English or French. In spite of all enemy efforts, unmistakeable evidences of the feeling of the people in our protectorates reach us by roundabout and devious ways.

To quote but one single and recent instance from a neutral Spanish newspaper, disposed to be rather pro-Entente than pro-German in its sentiments — *El Dia* of Madrid, under date of December 12, 1918: With telling irony this journal writes:

»Mr. Long, the British Colonial Secretary, told the truth in so far as he declared that England had actually put the question to the natives (as to whether they wished to remain under English protection or to return to German protection). But the answer turned out quite otherwise than in Mr. Long's assertion (namely, that the male inhabitants who had been asked, decided to remain under English rule). For the answer these inhabitants made clearly indicated that they would all prefer to continue to live under German protection! . . .

»But all who are familiar with the egoistic character of the African and his inclination to treachery — as we have sufficiently learned to our cost in Morocco and other parts of Africa — know how easy it is to egg on the unscrupulous natives against Germany — and how quickly disposed they are to forget all the benefits they have received at German hands. Most fair-minded men know all too well that the natives in the Cameroons and in the neighbourhood of our own possessions on the Gulf of

W. H. R.

Guinea would simply have gone to ruin, had not the Germans brought them order and civilization.

So far as the natives of the Cameroons are concerned, the Spanish press has repeatedly expressed its profound admiration of the fact that when the German protectorate troops crossed over into Spanish territory, hundreds of thousands of natives were voluntarily prepared to follow them. Part of them were restrained by force. Even to-day thousands of natives in Fernando Po still remain faithful to us, even though our enemies never tire of attempting to seduce them from their loyalty.

How clear and illuminating is the light shed upon the true sentiment of Germany's coloured children by the following news-item which was given publicity in Spain during the beginning of March of this year, and the source of which assures its absolute authenticity.

The dispatch reports that 117 Cameroon chieftains who voluntarily crossed over into Spanish territory during the war had in their own names and those of their districts petitioned the King of Spain to use his influence in seeing that the Cameroons were returned to Germany. In this petition it is distinctly emphasized that the natives who had remained in the Cameroons were actuated by the same wish — a wish which they naturally did not dare to express out of fear of the French and English. The paramount chieftains who signed this petition represent districts in all parts of the protectorate — forest and savannah, coast line and the interior as far as Garua. For over three years they have been cut off from all possibility of being influenced by their former masters, for these, as is well-known, are all interned in the neighbourhood of Madrid.

On the other hand, for months past they have been persistently and diligently besieged and belaboured by special agents and commissions sent to them by the French who strove to win them for France by means of all kinds of promises. The natives are naturally aware that Germany has been defeated in this war. So far as their personal fate and fortunes are concerned, these negroes had nothing to fear, for they were well aware that if they did not choose to follow the French *charm-eurs*, the Spanish government would gladly have retained them on Spanish ground. The idea of a pro-German agitation among them is therefore precluded — *and yet we have this decisive and unanimous recognition of German rule!*

These 117 chieftains and their followers are at present the only black subjects of Germany who are not under enemy coercion — and yet they plead, — plead of their own free will — that their German masters be permitted to return. He who has eyes to behold the truth, must behold it here!

The Spanish papers, which have not yet lost all conception of chivalry and fair play, pay a generous tribute to this petition of the chieftains — the *Tribuna* of Madrid among others — and designate it as a most valuable proof of the baselessness of the charges made against the German colonial administration for alleged ill-treatment of natives.

But let us not delude ourselves. Such single instances of spontaneous testimony are out-bellowed by the tremendous and well-organized orchestra of our country's enemies. The rest of the world is more disposed to count such instances than to weigh them — to judge more according to the volume of the noise than the strength of the

evidence. It remains deaf to the »still, small voice of truth«. The world, already hopelessly stunned, bewildered and infected by the uproar, the passions and prejudices of the war, is merely aware that the Germans are reviled and denounced a thousandfold on the subject of their colonies. This world, forsooth, forgets that most of our witnesses for the truth cannot open their lips since they are helpless prisoners or kept under check or pressure. The unthinking world likewise overlooks the salient point that in this comedy of calumnies the judgment is delivered by the accuser himself. And finally it forgets that the motive of the accuser is as crass and as transparent as his accusation.

It is only from one of her colonies that Germany has received detailed news since the beginning of the war and this is German East Africa. It is only with reference to East Africa that some measure of living actuality and fact, however limited in scope, may be opposed to the horrible caricature smeared upon the dead walls of the world by the brushes in the hate-inspired hands of our enemies.

In March 1919 several hundred men and women from German East Africa came back to Germany with Governor Schnee and General von Lettow-Vorbeck. When they heard of the allegations made with regard to the present attitude of our native charges in German East Africa, they were at first disposed to smile incredulously. But when they discovered that these allegations were given out as the sober truth, disgust and ridicule possessed them.

»John Bull is at his old and favourite game« — such was the summary of their unanimous verdict. »The English, of course, would like nothing better and hence they

halt at nothing in their efforts to persuade the world that things were really thus!«

And then these men and women, moved to the depths, began to recount how the natives of German East Africa had really conducted themselves during the war — told of their thoughts, their wishes, their hopes for the future.

No one is so qualified as these men and women to speak of the real sentiments of the natives with whom they had lived for years during peace, and with whom, during war, they had kept in close and constant touch, toiled, suffered and endured all manner of hardship. The things they tell are often as amusing as they are touching and moving, but they furnish a magnificent chorus of the faith and devotion of our black comrades and children of the colonies, of their affection for and their trust in the German.

And what is their judgment of their »liberators?« In truth, this is somewhat different from what one is accustomed to read in English White and Blue Books. The gift of sharp and accurate observation possessed by these children of nature, and their ability to convey the result in some telling phrase or saying has often been remarked. A saying is extant among the natives of German East Africa. It flies from mouth to mouth throughout the length and breadth of the entire colony and its significance needs no interpretation. For it is a *judgment out of the mouths of the people*, both upon the Germans and the English. In the Kisuheli tongue it runs thus:

»Wadeutshi maneno makali roho nzuri,

Wengereza maneno mazuri roho kali:«

that is to say:

»The Germans: sharp words, a good heart;

The English: fine words, — a bad heart.«

In the following pages I shall present some of the authenticated accounts and reports furnished in such overwhelming abundance by the men and women who have returned from German East Africa. I shall also make use of certain official material supplied by the German Colonial Office.

May all lovers of truth at home and abroad who read these words, form their own judgment as to the loyalty of our natives and realize for whom it is that their hearts beat and their voices are raised — for those who are called their »oppressors« or for those who call themselves their »liberators«.

WHO IS THE TYRANT?

It is one of the axioms of history that conquered peoples who are dissatisfied with their rulers, are the natural allies of the foreign enemies of their oppressors. A despot who has been attacked from without has always good reason to fear the dagger thrust in his back.

From many sources — among them the reports of Mr. Norman King, British Vice-consul in Dar-es-Salaam, a gentleman stationed there since 1912 in order to gather various bits of useful information about German East Africa for his government in the event of war — from many such sources — we know with what certainty the British Government reckoned with the breaking out of serious native disturbances in our protectorate soon after the commencement of hostilities.

Obviously these speculations were based upon analogous questions which lay close to hand — such as, what would happen were a powerful foe to attack the English possessions — India, Egypt, South Africa, Rhodesia, Nigeria? What would happen if such a foe invaded Ireland? No Briton would venture to dispute that in such a case serious uprisings would follow as a matter of course.

Had the English calculation been correct — had there been enough explosive matter garnered up in German East Africa to provoke a revolt, — our situation would

have been desperate. For there were only 6000 whites, including all women and children, living in a land almost twice as large as Germany and opposed to a mass of 7 to 8 million natives. This thousandfold preponderance of might, supported on all sides by the enemy, would have sufficed to overwhelm and erase every trace of German rule within a few weeks.

But what actually happened? For over four long years the war raged in and about our beloved East Africa and not a single tribe rose in revolt against our rule. Our few companies had their hands full in defending themselves on all sides against a foe twenty times their superior in numbers. But nowhere was it necessary to divert a single squad to keep down rebellious natives.

The disillusion called forth by this fact, so incomprehensible to our enemies, is plainly revealed in the report of Mr. H. A. Byatt, the British Administrator of our northern areas, as published in the White Book already mentioned.

»I think it was an error«, he confesses, »to assume that from the outbreak of war the natives of this country as a whole eagerly looked forward to the possibility of their deliverance by us from the tyrannical rule of the Germans«. And Mr. Byatt apparently can find no better solution to this riddle than the bit of evasive sophistry he advances:

»For some thirty years they had lived under no other form of government and, vaguely realizing that European control, which ensured the safety of life and property, was preferable to the state of anarchy which must otherwise prevail, they accepted the existing régime as an established fact.«

In other words, disentangling this propagandistic speciousness, we have the simple formula: The unfortunate natives were totally unaware of their misfortune. Very well. But let us cast a glance at the things that happened during precisely the same period — dating from 1914 to 1919 — among those peoples whose happy fate it was to live under the benign and glorious star of British and French imperialism.

Persistently during the war the flames of insurrection leaped high and menacingly from the huge witches' cauldron called India — flames which could be extinguished only by the leaden and iron streams which were played upon them from the nozzles of cannon and machine-guns.

Revolt raised its head in Ceylon and was drowned in torrents of blood.

Egypt smouldered through the entire period — at this writing blood is flowing in the streets of Cairo and Alexandria.

A grave uprising of those Boers who did not wish to join in the robbers' raid upon their German neighbours, constituted a very serious danger for South Africa during the first year of the war.

In Uganda, upon the northern frontier of German East Africa, the tribes which had been so cruelly suppressed, arose in revolt.

A fury of indignation flamed up in French West Africa in consequence of the levies *en masse* of conscripts for the European battlefields.

In 1915 French rule in Madagascar was threatened by a number of desperate conspiracies.

France's »*pénétration pacifique*« of Morocco made its sanguinary way to the incessant accompaniment of rattling machine-guns.

According to official reports for 1915 exclusively, 21 extensive police actions and 9 military operations against rebellious blacks were necessary in the Belgian Congo — 10 of the police actions and 4 of the military actions were fruitless.

In Portuguese East Africa conditions of anarchy were chronic owing to the fearful abuses and the reign of brute force.

British Nigeria was convulsed by serious mutinies at the close of 1918 and the beginning of 1919.

Soon after the outbreak of the war British Nyasaland was the scene of a bloody rebellion: British officials were killed and the German Governor in Dar-es-Salaam was begged by the leader of the insurrection to aid in fighting the Britons.

These are but a few side-lights which give one an idea of the aspect of things in the colonies of our enemies during the war. And it is inevitable under the prevailing conditions that only a small fraction of the real truth and the real extent and duration of these revolts, has reached our ears. For the real truth was hidden by a rigorous and unscrupulous censorship even from the public of the enemy governments.

Who, therefore, must be branded as a tyrant? The German, who was forced to cope with the enemy upon his own soil, and yet was spared all revolts? Or the other colonial powers which had no enemy upon their soil and yet were forced to contend with such fierce and numerous uprisings?

It is, of course, undeniable that the English are also able to point to instances of real loyalty and submission on the part of their coloured protégés. It would be un-

believable if a nation possessing so many solid and sympathetic qualities had sown nothing but hate throughout its vast world empire. But we too demand justice. We demand that the vast significance of the unshakeable loyalty which German East Africa has shown us, and that under the most difficult conditions imaginable, be recognized and honoured.

The only possible explanation of this fact is that these millions upon millions of blacks were satisfied with the treatment they received at our hands, nay, more, that we had won their affections. Our native policy before the war and during the war must have been good and sound. The world has been able to judge the wisdom of this policy by the fruits it has borne. Other nations may have much that is admirable to show in their colonial history. But no other colonial nation has in the past been able to show such examples of faith and loyalty on the part of its colonial subjects as German East Africa during the war. And it is not likely that many will succeed in showing such an example in the future.

VOLUNTARY WAR SERVICE.

A war so long and arduous as this could never have been carried through if the great masses of our negroes had not supported our case with all their hearts. Indifference and non-participation, passive resistance, not to speak of open lawlessness, would have brought about the military and economic collapse of our defence at the very beginning. We must never forget that even in ordinary times the white man depending upon his own efforts in the tropics is a pretty helpless creature. He is forced to rely upon the services of the natives at every step. And this in a still greater measure when, as was the case with the Germans in the colonies, all supplies from without are cut off by means of the enemy blockade.

It is the negro who must work for the white man, the negro who must supply him with food and attend to his wants, the negro who must carry his loads from place to place, and so on. Let a general strike of the negroes ensue in the tropics — and the white man is done for.

The war, however, brought it about that the demands which had to be made upon our natives, assumed titanic proportions. All European plants and factories were forced to work far more intensively. The native plantations had to be extended, enormous quantities of food-

supplies, of cattle and other things had to be delivered. Hundreds of thousands of carriers had to be supplied for the long and difficult marches. And the recompense which the Germans were able to offer became steadily less. The goods were gradually exhausted, money became scarce and finally, through the lawless action of the English, completely valueless. But all the misery of war, hunger and want, disease and destruction rolled pitilessly from region to region. It would be a paltry attempt to gild the picture, and utterly un-German, were one to aver that even our negroes did not at times groan under these burdens and curse the war — the meaning of which they could not comprehend. But the fact remains that the population stood their unutterably severe task without any serious effects and stood it well. This fact must prove to the experienced mind that the German rule over these people must have been sound at the core.

The Briton boasts that our natives also rendered *him* valuable services, supplied him with food, with carriers and other things. What else were the poor fellows to do? What would have happened to them had they refused? An army in enemy territory lives off the land, and this is true in a far greater degree of Africa than of a European theatre of war. Of course there are certain things which honourable military practice forbids, in Africa as elsewhere. Brutal coercion here must also be accounted as a violation of international law and humanity. But of this more anon.

In addition to such general economic support, our enemies also obtained direct military assistance from our blacks. Such is the claim of the Briton — and it is characteristic that it is also a boast. We do not dispute

the fact. I do not wish to enter upon a discussion on the subject of spies and traitors. Scoundrels and time-servers are to be met with everywhere: they are used in all wars — used — and despised. If Englishmen can permit themselves to boast of such assistance without blushing before the decent-minded among their countrymen — that is no concern of mine.

As to those of our natives who were forced into doing war service against us, I shall revert to this point later, merely remarking here that such acts constitute crass violations of Article 52 of the rules for land warfare as embodied in the Hague Convention. To this glory, too, our chivalrous foes are welcome. What remains? Only this one thing:

The English administrator of the northern provinces of our East African colony reports dutifully to his government that natives of the district of Ufome had of their own accord attacked and captured a small food-supply transport of the German divisions under Captain Naumann which had broken into the English line of military posts. This, of course, is heralded as a striking proof of the *loyal* attitude of our natives towards *English* rule and power. This incident decorates the official report which has, of course, been concocted and sent in by express order so as to convince the world of the enmity which our East African subjects cherish against us. Had Mr. Byatt had more such anecdotes in reserve, he would have failed in his duty as a propagandist, and as a link in the chain of systematic calumny of German colonial methods, had he not diligently served all of them up, and served them *hot*. But here we have a solitary instance, in the course of four years of war

amidst millions of allegedly Teutophobe negroes! Surely it is we who may claim the credit which must accrue to us from that one instance of which Mr. Byatt in his simplicity would make so much. It is the one exception which proves the rule.

The humourous part of the affair lies in the fact that this incident deals with the raid of Captain Naumann. Let us picture the situation to ourselves. After the northern half of our colony had been lost to the enemy, Captain Naumann with a few companies breaks through the British front, penetrates deeply into the territory of the English posts and though hunted and hounded, manages to hold his own for a full six months, popping up with lightning speed, now here, now there — a regular »Möwe« on land — and seriously interrupting the rear lines of communication of the enemy. This audacious bit of work would have been absolutely unthinkable had not the natives — in spite of the fact that the English wave had already passed over them — aided, by constant offers of help, food, guides, carriers, reconnoitering services and loyal silence, in making it a success. This was particularly true of the haughty Masais who, as I will willingly concede, found an occasional bone to pick with us before the war, and upon whose immediate sedition the English had fondly reckoned. It was precisely these Masais who did their utmost to assist Naumann against the English, whenever and wherever this was possible. For in the meantime they had grown to know the English and to hate them — as still greater cattle-thieves than they themselves have the proud distinction of being — and that is an encroachment upon his rights which no Masai will stand.

The column under Captain Naumann was proscribed — outlawed, so the speak. Those who attacked these men had no need to fear punishment at the hands of the German troops who had been crowded back. And rich rewards awaited them from the capacious British purse. I shall therefore not seek to lessen Mr. Byatt's pride in the heroic deed of the men of Ufiome. I would merely crave permission to relate to him a story of equal interest and charm.

The chances and vicissitudes of the campaign once brought it about that General von Lettow-Vorbeck with his main forces marched through a part of the German colony which had been evacuated two years before and which had since then been firmly in the hands of the English. The natives of this region had therefore more than ample time to cultivate English sympathies, or to be inoculated with them. Any pro-German acts or sentiments on their part might have cost them their lives. But, behold! the old attachment was not to be overcome. Certain chieftains summoned their entire people to offer a solemn greeting to the passing troops. Others came into camp, in order to bring voluntary gifts of hens, eggs and other good things. One day a chieftain reported to a coloured food patrol that a large English supply column with 300 loads of food for Europeans and blacks was marching at some distance from his district. Forthwith Acting-officer Sabath was sent off with a fighting patrol in order to capture the valuable transport.

When Sabath arrived with his men, he found the job already carried out. The leader of the enemy column, an Englishman, had been captured by the chieftain himself during a hunting excursion and was brought along by

him as a captive. The caravan had then fallen an easy prey to the coloured food patrol. The chieftain had been cautious enough to send forth sentinels on all sides in order to prevent surprises by the English and had provided a sufficient number of carriers from his people so that the most welcome booty might be quickly brought to the German troops. There was not much time left him for a palaver, but he did not refrain from unburdening his mind about the British. They dragged away his men by main force, he said — he would have nothing to do with them. His action, which could not have remained hidden from the enemy, speaks more loudly than his words.

WHO IS THE HERO?

The negro has often been compared to a child. The comparison is in many respects a correct one, in others it is lame and halt. According to my experience it is true that the negro possesses, like most children, an incorruptible feeling for right and wrong and a simplehearted admiration for the great, the manly and the heroic. Gladly does he look up to the strong man who does not misuse his strength, and when he regards a man as a hero, he will follow him through thick and thin.

Every official, every explorer who has travelled considerably among these people — every officer of protectorate troops will be able, even from his experience in times of peace, to confirm the statement that a white man may depend upon the blacks, precisely in that degree in which they regard him as »*hodari*«. »*Hodari*« is rather a difficult word to translate, but it may be said to express all those attributes which were compact in the Roman »*virtus*«: bodily strength and tenacity, strong will, absence of fear in the presence of danger, personal venturesomeness — in short, *manliness*. It was these qualities which brought about such a close and fervent attachment on the part of the first troops of General Wissman, many of whom were former English soldiers,

to their German leader. And I think it is due, in part, to these qualities that our negroes have shown such attachment and loyalty to our African heroes during this war. Let no one believe that the blacks had no conception of the great and magnificent achievement which lay in the resistance of the Germans to that overwhelming might embodied in the British-Indian-Boer-Belgian-Portuguese forces. Alone the one battle at Tanga at the beginning of November 1914, in which Lettow-Vorbeck with a mere 900 rifles fell like a thunderbolt upon 8000 white, brown and black Englishmen, dealing them an annihilating blow and hurling them back upon their ships with a loss of nearly 3000 men, gave a glamour to the German name throughout the whole Dark Continent. Nothing that the Briton has done has been able to destroy this glamour.

Countless battles and engagements followed, victories and defeats alternated, and the Germans were forced to give way step by step. But all the black people know that they gave way like wounded lions, inflicting fearful damage upon their huge adversaries. Small wonder that the thousands of acts of German heroism, following fast one upon the other, should have been exaggerated and decked out with many mythical features, as is African custom, and that their fame should have passed from mouth to mouth, from district to district exciting wonder and astonishment throughout the entire land.

With what enthusiasm did our faithful blacks in the German capital of Dar-es-Salaam greet the news of every German success! Their faith in our conduct of the war and their faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause was immeasurable. When English victories were reported,

they dismissed these promptly, with childish contempt, as: »English lies!« Truly it is not our desire, it would not be German, to disparage an enemy who worked so hard to get the best of us. But no man among all those who went through the campaign will be able, when asked the question: Which belligerent enjoyed the greatest esteem among our natives? — to answer: »The English«. Not if he have an honest tongue in his head.

We must not forget that, apart from the glaring disproportion of forces which made a mere mockery of that first condition of a *fair* fight — antagonists equal in number and equipment — things happened now and then which deeply and permanently violated the simple sense for decent and manly warfare which the negro instinctively possesses. I will refrain from citing various minor traits and instances which have become known. But it is impossible to close one's eyes to certain serious violations of International Law, by means of which the English lowered themselves immensely in the eyes of our black protégés.

On the morning of Sept. 9, 1914, the 5th Field Company under command of Major von Langenn-Steinkeller had attacked the enemy at Boma Karonga. As he did not succeed in taking this strong position, and as all his officers were wounded, the fight was broken off about noon, and the Company withdrew. Dr. Gothein, a government physician, had erected a bandaging-station at a distance of about 1200 metres from the Boma. As there were a considerable number of wounded men awaiting attention here, he decided to remain behind, with the approval of the company-leader, and then join a German detachment which had been diverted and which was expected to arrive later.

Two seriously wounded German officers and about 30, for the greater part, seriously wounded Askaris were lying at this time at the bandaging station. This bandaging station was clearly visible far and wide, being plainly marked by means of a large Red Cross flag. Soon after the withdrawal of the company, the enemy opened up a furious fire upon this bandaging station. A native carrier who climbed on the roof of a native hut in the neighbourhood to hoist the Red Cross flag upon this, was shot, and toppled to the ground. The English troops advanced, firing steadily, though, of course, no single shot was fired by the Germans. Through this fusillade, six of the wounded Askaris who were lying at the bandaging station were either killed or wounded afresh. The greater part of the carriers sought to escape by flight. Some of these were also killed. After the English troops had advanced within 100 metres without ceasing to fire, Dr. Gothein himself advanced towards the enemy, who still kept on shooting. Not before he had called out to the English officer who commanded the detachment and asked him whether he did not see that he was shooting at wounded men, did this officer order the firing to cease.

During his retreat, Dr. Gothein and his transport of wounded men were once more taken under fire by the English. In seeking to evade this fire, they stumbled into the very midst of English troops. The English commander, who was summoned to the spot, assured Dr. Gothein that he was entitled to pass unmolested in his capacity as a doctor, but that he would first have to be taken to Karonga, as otherwise he might get a glimpse of their troops. No sooner had Dr. Gothein reached Karonga than this promise (»the word of honour of an officer and gentleman, sir«)

was broken. He was treated as a prisoner-of-war and sent to British Nyasaland and it was not until May 9, 1915, that he was sent back to German East Africa.

Dr. Gothein was lucky enough to escape with his life. But Staff Physician Dr. Schumacher was not so fortunate. He was foully murdered by English troops on the Tsavo in the district of Kilimanjaro whilst conducting a transport of wounded. The troops attacked him at night in the bush. He advanced towards the attacking force waving the Red Cross flag and calling out to them in English that he was a physician and under the protection of the Red Cross. In spite of this, he was shot down at such close range that there could have been no mistake as to the wantonness of the brutal murder.

These dastardly actions on the part of certain British detachments are equalled and even excelled by various deliberate and official measures of the British Government itself. One need think only of the lawless bombardment of numerous undefended harbours and villages of the East African coast. The capital was doomed to suffer particularly from these visitations of the superior persons who profess, in the mouths of their politicians and in the columns of their satanic press, to have so holy a regard for International Law.

As early as August 8, *but 4 days after England had declared her war upon a people who had never done her the slightest wrong*, whilst everybody in Dar-es-Salaam was awaiting a wireless message from Berlin to declare that in accordance with the Congo Acts, Africa was to remain immune from the war, a number of heroic British war-vessels opened up a reckless bombardment of our pretty and absolutely defenceless capital. This was a

twofold violation of International Law. It unloosed this unholy colonial war and degraded the white race in the eyes of the black in a measure which no man can at present compute.

In November 1914, the Britons once more appeared with their thunderjunks and shot to pieces the finest buildings in the town. During the late summer of 1916, once more summoning courage to attack an enemy who could not hit back and to indulge in the cheap and for them absolutely safe sport of shelling a defenceless town, these latter-day sons of Nelson indulged themselves in these senseless bombardments day after day, to the terror of the peaceful civilian population.

During the bombardment on September 3, the well-known palatial European Hospital which is conspicuously visible upon the sands, was struck by several shells. The Germans protested indignantly against this ruthlessness, whereupon the chief of the British squadron declared that the ship in question had assumed that it was being fired upon by a *machine-gun* in the neighbourhood of the Hospital and that no consideration could therefore be given the hospital. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was *no machine-gun* near the hospital. The whole town in fact had long ago been evacuated by the German troops.

During these days our blacks made bitter mock of the heroic Britons. Frau C. who lived at Dar-es-Salaam during these days, repeated to me some of these negro remarks, and they are worth repeating here: »What are they up to with all this bang-banging? There are only women and children here and men who have no guns. What kind of war is this? It is a very bad kind of war.

They fear the Germans. So now they make war on women. Alas!

There is more true manliness and justice in these words of the negroes of Dar-es-Salaam than has been evidenced by the actions and the attitude of these chivalrous heroes of the British navy. But I am mistaken in contrasting their conduct with former British naval tradition, in drawing the deadly parallel between Nelson and his epigones. Perhaps they were simply attempting to emulate one of his most notorious, instead of one of his most heroic feats, namely the lawless bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801?

DISILLUSION.

The negro, as I have already said in the foregoing, is often compared to a child. Let us rather say he resembles a schoolboy. A schoolboy in the third form stands approximately in the same relationship to his teacher, as the black man to his white master. The schoolboy respects his master if the latter be a man of parts and energy. He observes him with instinctive sharpness and is merciless in discovering his weak spots. He displays a childish delight in devising nicknames which have the habit of sticking. He makes merry over the weaknesses or peculiarities he has discovered and exploits them, whenever possible, for his own advantage. And when a new headmaster appears in the class-room, a master who is able to impress him in one way or another, then he indulges in sudden and indiscriminate outbursts of enthusiasm.

When the English finally occupied Dar-es-Salaam — as was to have been expected from the foregoing — the native population at first indulged in great demonstrations of delight. For the coming of the Briton was an exciting event, he himself an interesting novelty. The English troops marched in with bands and much military *fol-de-rol*. The Indian shops, the stocks of which had grown so scanty during the lengthy period of war, were once

more filled with goods. Once more there was rice to be bought. There were *Kansus* and *Kikois* (upper and nether garments) for the men, and *Kangas* (shoulder cloths) for the women. And there were so many new and interesting things to see every day — things never seen before. What negro heart could resist all this? Numerous »boy« or coloured servants, left the service of their German masters or mistresses and sought employment with the English.

»This, however,« Frau C. declares, and her statement is confirmed word for word by other observers, German and neutral, »did not last long.« After four or five weeks there was a sudden reversion of feeling on the part of the blacks. The servants, cooks, preventive men, carriers and others who had decamped, returned one by one and begged to be taken back. Even negroes who were quite unknown to us would frequently speak to us on the streets. They did not wish to have anything to do with the English, they declared, and were only too anxious to find work with Germans.

»The reasons which they advanced were nearly always identical. The English paid badly. Only 4 to 5 rupees a month (a rupee is equal to 1.33 M.) and »posho« (food money) whereas the Germans paid the boys 15 to 20 rupees a month. Many complained that they received no pay at all. The British officers were in particular ill-reputed in this respect. Instead of the wages which had been agreed upon, the boys frequently received nothing but food supplies or were simply kicked out a day before their pay became due. Or the British, chiefly officers, left for the interior without paying their servants. In addition to this, there were floggings for the smallest

trifles, floggings carried out with the *Kiboko* (hippopotamus hide whip) to the extent of 50 blows!«

Should the British attempt to deny these reports, which have been authenticated from various sides, by designating them as empty »nigger talk,« it would be interesting to learn what better explanation they could advance for the fact that the same negroes, who had at first crowded to serve them, soon turned away from them, utterly disillusioned.

This disinclination to enter English service remained, nay, it grew steadily, and proved as astonishing as it was inconvenient to the English. For instance Frau von R., who was on service in the German Hospital at Dar-es-Salaam, relates that frequently the natives of fallen or captured German officers and non-commissioned officers would beg her to find work for them in the German Hospital or with some German lady — they were tired of working for the English. Since it was impossible to find places in German families for all the boys, many of them remained without places for a considerable time — despite all the offers of the British. And yet the boys who had formerly been in German employ were only too eager to enter the service of interned Germans, even though they were forced to work under very uncomfortable circumstances.

A native who had been cook to a physician of the Protectorate Troops, as attested by Staff Physician Dr. Höring, stubbornly refused to enter the service of an Englishman. He was twice ordered to be given 25 blows of the whip. But when this flogging also proved of no avail, he was finally utilized by the English as a cook for German prisoners passing through Lindi. The faithful

fellow at great risk to himself, took advantage of this post to smuggle forbidden things, such as tobacco, to the Germans.

Examples such as these might be repeated *ad infinitum*. It would almost appear that as a general rule, there was something about the Germans which was agreeable to the negro in service, whereas the average Briton affected the black in a much less human manner. This something cannot, of course, be a glib tongue or smooth phrases. We have already seen what the black thinks of »fine words«. It will prove interesting to cite the words which a Shinyanga native once spoke to Dr. Brühl. »Tell me, *bwana* (master), what kind of men are these English? When we wanted something from the Germans, they said »yes«, or they said »no«. When the answer was »no«, and I came once more to ask the same thing of thee, I may have sometimes got a cuff over the ear. But I knew where I was at and »no« remained »no«. But the English say »yes« to everything and promise everything asked for, but nothing ever comes of it.«

Nor can it be any undue familiarity in forms of intercourse with the natives which wins their hearts. As a matter of policy and principle, and notwithstanding all the affection and solicitude we felt for our blacks, we Germans never forgot to preserve that essential distance which is necessary in personal intercourse with them, and without which the respect paid the white race cannot be upheld. Our blacks accepted this as a matter of course and respected it. The Briton, usually so proud of his race, now provided us with a great surprise. No Briton, of course, would go as far in forgetting his dignity as the Frenchmen and Belgians who do not scruple

to parade in public with their black mistresses, rigged up in European finery. And yet clearly before the eyes of the Germans in Dar-es-Salaam the edifying spectacle unrolled itself of Englishmen, even English officers hobnobbing and strolling through the streets hand in hand with natives, sitting side by side with them in the rickshaws, playing foot-ball with them and tennis and croquet. Our natives did not, of course, object to this fraternizing, but it scarcely served to increase their respect for the English. The German men and women who have returned from German East Africa offer the most detached, yet coinciding evidence as to the manner in which the blacks made merry over their new masters — behind their backs.

»He is no *bwana*!« they would say, contemptuously. They were also quick to perceive that behind this display of fraternity (which may have been due to orders from headquarters) there was far less real cordiality and kindness than in the entire reserve which we displayed. »Fine words and a bad heart.«

The longer English rule continued, the greater grew the astonishment and the dissatisfaction of our black people. Above all they missed two things — missed them the more, the longer they were forced to do without them. I will cite in this place, *verbatim*, what was told me by a neutral who had spent the entire period of the war in Dar-es-Salaam. »*The German doctors and the German judges occupy so lofty a place in the memory of the natives, that the English can never hope to fill the gap.*«

That is a testimonial of which any colonizing power might well be proud.

German physicians, of course, are our particular pride in every part of the world and have brought

us the confidence and the esteem of many foreign peoples.

Frau von R. whose testimony we have already cited, reports as follows:

»After one distemper after another had broken out among the natives at Dar-es-Salaam, they came flocking to the German Hospital, begging to be helped. The English doctors did not trouble about them, and could not cure them. The German doctors, on the contrary, had always helped them and had treated them as carefully as their own white countrymen.«

There are many witnesses to attest how wretched was the English medical service. But we shall confine ourselves to the professional testimony of Dr. Brühl, chief Physician of the Field Hospital Panganya. He speaks of the following instance as characteristic. He had managed by months of assiduous care to alive keep a wounded German Askari by name of Nguru Mali. The man was suffering from a gunshot wound in the thigh. This man was transferred by the English to their hospital at Utete, and died there a few days later from ichorous ulceration and gangrene of the left leg. The English physician had not deemed it necessary to cleanse his abscesses.

Another English physician in Utete who was said to be the head of the Polyclinic of the University of Liverpool, was frequently accompanied by Dr. Brühl as an interpreter during the inspections of the hospital. This doctor displayed extreme indifference towards the natives. The Englishman could not understand how his German colleague was able to cleanse and bind up the terrible leg-sores and abscesses of his coloured patients! He lent no hand to aid in surgical operations upon negroes, but left everything

to his exceedingly dirty native assistant, who had not the slightest idea of asepsis. One day when he again chanced to see Dr. Brühl bandaging a black patient — he remarked deprecatingly: »I don't like these dirty people.« It is small wonder that »these dirty people« should prefer the ministrations of the German doctor.

And as to the German judges of the native courts — what shall be said of them! During the last four years they have been slandered and blackguarded in English and French publications as knout-wielding tyrants who, under the influence of tropic spleen and an unbridled lust for power, were oppressing the muttering tribes of our colonies by means of a refined system of wanton brutality. We are said to have sated ourselves with the torture of our victims — to have done this without giving them a hearing, without calling for evidence, or basing our judgments on law. It is said that we uttered our barbarous verdicts according to mere whim and passion, behind closed doors, and, of course, flogged, flogged, flogged the natives.

One's gorge rises at the thought that highly-educated men — men with whom we have chatted in their pleasant London studies, or with whom night after night we have discussed the mightiest problems under the starry heavens of the tropics, — men who in most essentials think and feel as we do — that such men should write these things and believe these things about us. Do they *really* believe them? It would be preposterous madness to affirm this and I for one will not believe that they believe. We must look to that old English formula of »expediency« for an explanation of their conduct and the moral obliquity it denotes.

I will not bandy words with these detractors of another nation's honour and perverters of their own, but simply chronicle the living words and opinions uttered by German and other witnesses who are at any time prepared to confirm their statements upon oath. The neutral witness whom I have already quoted told me of what our negroes had said to him but recently — words which prove that they long for the return of the German judge. The English *Shauri* (or jurisdiction) was not as good as that to which we had accustomed them. The English judges frequently did not understand the natives at all and took no pains with them. Very few of them knew Kisuaheli, the prevailing language of the land, and were therefore forced to make use of interpreters who very often knew little of the language themselves and who usually allowed themselves to be bribed. They bellowed at the natives and were merely desirous of getting rid of them as quickly as possible. Cases were tried in a far more superficial manner than in German courts, yet were often dragged out in an interminable manner. Many defendants were locked-up for days at a time, without knowing why or wherefore. And then there was the universal complaint that the Englishman in his *Shauri* was chiefly bent upon squeezing money out of the natives. And yet they, the natives, would much rather endure a round of flogging, than pay money to the British. They were seized by an unconquerable suspicion that the English simply let these money-fines slip into their own pockets.

But the British predilection for money-grubbing would be a chapter in itself. Our natives found many other things to displease them — of these mention shall be made later.

Great bitterness was called forth by the licentious behaviour of white and black English privates towards the native women of Dar-es-Salaam. Women were torn by force out of their huts and were frequently carried off to other districts. The population was helpless in the face of these acts of brutal violence. He who wished to make sure of his wife was compelled to hide her somewhere outside of Dar-es-Salaam.

A good deal of explosive matter against the new masters seems to have accumulated up to the beginning of the year 1919. A neutral merchant mentions the following very significant incident: There was great excitement in Dar-es-Salaam during January, 1919. The British did not exercise the same supervision over the native traders and merchants as did the Germans. The result was that the dealers sold the goods which they had bought cheaply at a profit of over 300 to 400 per cent. The Askaris and the carriers complained of these high prices to the British officers. The answer which they are said to have received was to the effect that if the prices were too high, they should simply not pay anything at all. At all events the markets and the Indian shops were hereupon stormed and plundered: shots were fired, Englishmen were maltreated — two are supposed to have been killed, though this was not confirmed. But the significant point is that non-English Europeans who were caught in this tumult were *not* molested. The natives shouted to one another that they were to be spared — they were »wazungu wa zamani« »Europeans of former days«. It is clear that the population placed the entire blame for the conditions which so embittered it upon the shoulders of the English and was merely anxious to vent its hatred against them.

My informant, a very quiet gentleman, calm of judgment and one long familiar with the population of our coast, closed his report with the words: »Through countless talks which I had with the natives and other coloured people I have become firmly convinced that the blacks as well as the Indians and the Goanese in Dar-es-Salaam think yearningly of the time when the Germans were still masters in the land.«

BLACK COMRADES.

»The German native soldier whose unfailing loyalty to the German cause has been one of the most surprising features of this campaign« — such is the conclusion and confession to which the author of the aforesaid English White Book is irresistibly forced. And truly no praise can be too great for the brave black fellows who, clad in their khaki uniforms with the *tarboosh* upon their woolly polls, gladly performed the severest duties and suffered the greatest hardships which could be imposed upon human beings — side by side with their German leaders.

They have enriched human history by a magnificent example of simple and manly loyalty. Wherever admiration for such a supreme quality still exists upon this unfortunate and degenerate Earth, be it among friends or among foes, there swords must be lowered and hands raised in salute to these black comrades of ours.

Since this miracle can no longer be disputed, one should strive to understand it. Our opponents need not have been so astounded at what seems to us only natural, had they attempted in times of peace to study and understand our system of colonial education in a spirit of fair-mindedness. The period of war merely harvests what had been sown in the period of peace. No officer of the German Protectorate troops ever doubted

for a moment that our black troops, if properly led, would be equal to the most tremendous demands made upon them, though naturally no one ever thought of a war against a foreign enemy with all the organisation and auxiliary forces of a huge modern army.

If the gift of logical thought were not so uncommon a blessing, surely the whole world would be forced to concede that such unparalleled devotion and loyalty furnish the most incontrovertible proof of the competence and success of the master and the teacher of the black. A bond of faith such as this, forged by the ordeal of suffering in common and tested by blood and fire, may be said to possess a holy right to recognition now and in the future.

The complete story of General von Lettow-Vorbeck's campaign would at the same time be a magnificent and touching epic of the deeds of the German Askaris. This story will be written and will awaken the admiration and homage of generations to come. But I cannot forbear to mention a few incidents, chosen quite casually from the mass of material at hand, which will serve to show the spirit that dwelt in Lettow-Vorbeck's small but devoted band.

First Naval-Lieutenant Wenig had an orderly, an Askari named Mangwina who hailed from Mwaja on Lake Nyassa, and belonged to the tribe of the Wasokile. One day Mangwina addressed Lieutenant Wenig thus: »Bwana, I love thee so much that it is my greatest wish to stop the bullet meant for thee in battle.«

»Mangwina,« answered the Lieutenant, »thou knowest I do not like such talk,« whereupon the Askari calmly replied:

»Utaona, thou shalt see.«

Some time afterwards, on October 22, 1918, both officer and soldier were engaged in the hot encounter at Ukena. And fate decreed that a bullet should pierce Mangwina's breast as he was fighting side by side with his superior officer. Lieutenant Wenig was not aware of this until the mortally wounded man had been taken to the rear. On the evening of the same day, he received the following letter from Mangwina.

»God has granted my wish. I am glad — thou knowest I made no talk of this. But every day I begged God he might let me stop the bullet meant for thee. That has happened. I die gladly. I send thee my little snuff bottle. I have filled it with my blood. Wear it as an amulet (*dawa*) in every battle. Such is my last wish.«

There are many other instances of such heroic words uttered by dying Askaris, all of which speak of their unfaltering devotion to the German cause. Halama, a *sol* (colour-sergeant) had been shot in the breast during a victorious fight. Lieutenant of Reserves Kempner spoke a few kindly words to him and received the answer: »No matter! We made a good clean-up to-day!« Another Askari who had been wounded three times in the battle at Jassini was praised for his valiant conduct. His last words, as Dr. Höring confirms, were: »We are glad to die — if we only win!«

On September 6, 1918, Captain Müller's company, consisting entirely of natives, and led by natives, made an attack upon four English companies and scattered them to the winds, in order to rescue their Captain. It happened in this wise: Captain Müller, accompanied by Chief Physician Dr. Klemm, happened to ride far in

advance of the Company with a vanguard of eight Askaris. Suddenly they were greeted by violent rifle and machine-gun fire. Captain Müller took up a position and shouted an order to the rear for the machine-guns to be brought up. But there was no reply, for the distance between him and the company was far greater than he had assumed. Five minutes passed and they were not yet in sight. Captain Müller himself now went to see what was up. Soon afterwards he heard violent firing close at hand, to the right. He now ran at full speed in this direction, for he recognized the sound of the German machine-guns. He was, however, unable to overtake the troops, who were steadily charging forward. After ten minutes, the enemy, an entire English battaillon, had been routed and was in full flight. He now for the first time recognized that the victors were his own men.

His native officer, who was wounded in the chest, reported to him as follows:

»When we heard the shooting ahead, I said: the Captain is there and is being fired upon, we must go there at once, or the Captain will be shot dead. So the company formed up in a moment and then we charged forward, without shooting very much. Only now and then we stopped to draw breath and began to fire. The Englishmen did not expect this. For when we came up close to them and cried hurrah, they ran like the wind. Our losses are pretty heavy, but that does not matter — the chief thing is that thou art here again and art not dead. I have never seen our Askaris run as they ran to-day — because they wanted to save thee, their Captain.«

• The company had lost 24 men in the course of ten minutes only because the men had charged wildly

forward and made a frontal attack upon the English companies, without any preparatory fire and without thinking of cover. Dozens of such instances might be cited.

He who does not know the Tropics cannot easily picture to himself an African column on the march. About the same procedure is adopted as say that of a European detachment which moves forward to relieve another somewhere in the desert of the Somme or the Houthulster Wood, each man following on the heels of the other along a single narrow path or through the trackless bush and plains. The thousands of carriers tend still more to encumber the interminable procession. It would be child's play, in fact a distinct temptation for wavering elements to slip sideways into the bush and disappear for good. Who could hinder them? And who, moreover, could recapture them? Only those whose hearts were true and steadfast remained. Therefore it is all the more wonderful that desertions were extremely rare occurrences with the German troops. On the contrary, it often happened that Askaris who had been captured by the English escaped from their guards in the bush and instead of returning to their peaceful homes as they might easily have done, fought their way back to the Germans, often after undergoing the most perilous adventures.

Merely to cite one example out of many, we give that of a coloured non-commissioned officer who was captured at Kissaki. Disguised as a bush negro, he managed to reach Dar-es-Salaam after a journey of weeks. Here, upon his own initiative, he managed to secure some valuable information, after which he penetrated the

English lines and returned safe and sound to our foreposts and to his own company.

Yet all these black men knew that we could offer then nothing but unspeakable hardships and privations, danger and battle and sudden, almost certain death. Shortly before the Armistice, when the sorely-diminished little band under General Lettow-Vorbeck, after more than a hundred days of incessant marches and battles, swung out of German territory into unknown and hostile Rhodesia, and there remained scarcely a ray of hope that these 155 whites and 4000 blacks would ever see their homes again, the leader asked his trusty men what they thought of the future. The black fellows returned the dauntless answer:

»We shall keep on fighting with thee, until we fall.«

It is of more than passing interest to discover what the English Askaris who often belonged to the same race and even the same tribe as our own, think of their heroic enemy brothers. First Lieutenant of Reserves von Ruckteschell reports various remarkable details concerning this, as follows: During the period of the armistice when the German troops marched back in common with the English, our men would frequently be visited by the English Askaris. They confessed with the utmost admiration that the Germans must not only be better soldiers, but also better men than the English, for otherwise they would not have been able to withstand forces so much larger than their own for so long a time, nor would the German Askaris have remained so faithful to them. They believed that the Germans knew how to handle their people better than the English. The Germans understood *Kisuaheli*, the English did not, or only badly.

The Germans demanded a good deal of their men, but personally they performed as much themselves, whilst the English shirked, treated their men badly and often refused to risk their own lives in battle. Desertions were far more common among the English troops than we imagined and discontent among them was very great.

First Lieutenant Ruckteschell bears witness to the fact that even white Englishmen under the first lively impressions of an exchange of war experiences, substantiated these opinions of their own men. They were full of the most intense admiration for the loyalty and the fighting qualities of our Askaris, and for the intelligent treatment they received at the hands of their German officers. Nay, more than this: they frequently declared that if it depended upon the will of the natives, we should undoubtedly recover our colony. In many places our blacks had occasioned various difficulties to the British Government and had openly declared that the Germans knew how to handle them far better.

Let England hearken! For these are the voices of her own sons. Such are the views of the men who have risked their lives and health in the battles in German East Africa. There is in them none of the insidious poison of the imperialist politician nor the hate-fomenting journalist. They are honest soldiers, capable of honouring a gallant foe and not blind to obvious facts.

The word of such men counts for more than all the transparent falsehoods, sophistries and misrepresentations of any number of Blue or White Books.

ONLY A PRO-GERMAN CASTE?

After the scribes of the English White Book had recovered from their astonishment at the faithfulness of our Askaris, an element which scarcely fitted into their programme of defamation, — they suddenly remembered their patriotic duty. If great and noble things could not be denied on the German side, then it was certainly a true Briton's duty to disparage and falsify these things as much as possible, so that in the end they might still serve the purpose of weapons or missiles against Germany.

The following subterfuge was therefore tried, and promulgated with all that diabolic and cynical ingenuity of which the patriotic Briton, bent upon defaming an opponent, is capable. The Askaris, it was said, were alienated from their tribes by the Germans during their long terms of service, and developed into a special military caste. They were taught to regard themselves as a higher race in comparison with the ordinary inhabitants of the land. The unsuspecting and uninformed reader was thereby led to draw the conclusion that a caste of this sort, artificially cut off from its roots in its own country, would naturally cling closely to the Government which had created it and upon whose existence its own depended, and *per*

contra that the real masses of the people would seek and find their advantage upon the other side.

This far too clever elucidation of an uncomfortable phenomenon is false. *But even if it were true, it would prove nothing whatsoever to our disadvantage.*

Our Protectorate Troops were composed wholly of German East African natives. Only a few remnants of the old, for the greater part Soudanese troops of the great explorer, Hermann von Wissmann, were still on hand, in the higher non-commissioned ranks. As a general rule there were always a sufficient number of volunteers to be obtained from the districts in the neighbourhood of the military posts to cover the slight demand for recruits. Under conditions such as these it would scarcely have been possible to «alienate» the men from their tribes, since they remained in constant personal touch with their relations and tribal brothers. When Askaris happened to be transferred from their home villages to other garrisons, this was done either to equalize the strength of the companies, or in order not to be forced to utilize the recruits against their friends and relations in the event of disturbances. Had one developed them into a warrior caste, remote from all sympathy or affiliations with the populace, such considerations would assuredly not have been necessary.

It was natural, of course, that entry into the service should signify a social advance for the raw Bush negro. But this is no distinctive feature of the German system, but is a self-evident element in the recruiting of coloured troops everywhere. The smart uniform, the manly arms, the assured position and regular pay, the closer relationship with white men, the personal polish and increased sense of personal worth, all these are things which permit the

German coloured recruit no less than the English and every other coloured recruit to emerge as a kind of professional aristocrat out of the mass of unlicked savages, without, however, segregating him as a special caste from his people.

The troops, however, which drew the eyes of the whole world upon them during the war, were composed *only to the extent of one-third of Askaris who were recruited in peace times. More than half the contingent were war-volunteers from all the tribes in the colony. I repeat, war volunteers. Not a single recruit was forcibly drafted by us during the entire course of the war.*

We should have been able to set up far greater fighting contingents, had our military equipment permitted of this — for the natives simply flocked to our colours at the outbreak of war. That alone, to a clear and unperverted mind ought to be proof positive of how sound and vital were the relations between the troops and the population. It is at the same time a striking proof of the heartfelt sympathy which the natives felt for their German rulers, precisely in the hour of their danger.

Even the most unscrupulous falsifier of facts would scarcely summon up enough brazen impudence to assert that we had also instantly converted these young recruits into an »alienated« warrior caste by some swift trick of legerdemain. And that these raw troops were also inspired by the feeling of incorruptible and unshakeable loyalty to us, is something of which our enemies must surely — to their still greater astonishment — have received tangible and palpable proofs.

But dropping this fraudulent argument of the »special caste« for a moment — let us consider that an African

army requires not only soldiers, but ten to twenty times as many carriers, not to speak of body-servants, cooks, Askari women and the like. Mr. H. A. Byatt's whole dishonest »caste« theory simply goes to pieces under this simple test. Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of negroes bore the luggage of the troops, bore it upon cruel and endless marches into the strange, unknown and forbidding wilderness. They enjoyed no social perquisites, no martial glory could be theirs — they were simply the great and nameless masses of the negro population. Had they refused to give their aid — and he who knows the African carrier knows that he is not lacking in independence and self-interest — then the troops would have been doomed to remain helpless in one spot and starve — precisely like a European army which is suddenly deprived of railways, horses, wagons and automobiles — for what these mean to European forces, the carriers mean to the African.

Thousands of them in their devotion followed the General over the frontier during his adventurous raid through Portuguese East Africa, and finally as far as British Rhodesia. Who — or what actuated them in doing this? Compulsion? Each and every one of them might have escaped a hundred times without fear of punishment. Pay? It was precisely the lack of all means of paying these brave folk which caused their German masters such distress — for all money had long ago been exhausted. There is but one explanation and it is this: *They loved their German masters and felt that their own destiny was bound up with theirs.*

But these honest and devoted beings gave us not only loyal service and attendance. In all that related to self-

sacrifice and contempt for death in the face of the enemy, these humble workers rose to heights of real heroism. If proofs are demanded — here are the proofs — and hundreds of them, if necessary.

First Lieutenant von Ruckteschell, who was severely wounded, was being transported in a hammock, and proved a heavy burden for the carriers. The hospital detachment — another instance of British chivalry — was attacked during the march and from the immediate vicinity. Three of his carriers were shot — one after the other — and fell whilst carrying the hammock. But immediately another native would seize the hammock pole and with a quiet »*Amri ya muungu*« (»By God's Will«) take the place of the fallen comrade. The brave fellows ran at a rapid pace with their heavy burden and kept crying to the others: »Don't throw anything away! Keep together! We'll save our master. We must care for him now. He has always cared for us!« And whilst mines were bursting at a distance of from fifty to eighty paces, they reassured their master thus: »Depend on us! We'll carry thee out of range.«

These men had a march of sixteen hours behind them and had had nothing to eat for thirty-four hours!

During the surprise attack made by the English at Timbani on May 22, 1918, all the luggage of the detachment of Captain Kohl and Governor Schnee was lost. Ali bin Selim, the cook of Naval Lieutenant Wenig, attempted to rescue the tin trunk of his master in the midst of a furious fire from machine-guns and mine-throwers. As he was unable to carry it off quickly enough because of its great weight, he tore off the cover — whilst enemy Askaris were yelling »Hands up!« — so as to save at least the letter-case which his master had always confided to his

special care. He succeeded in seizing the letter-case and in handing it to a carrier, Sahani by name and of the tribe of the Wayamwezi, who cowered upon the earth in a hail of bullets. And then Ali bin Selim collapsed — shot through the head. A few hours later Sahani brought the letter-case to First Lieutenant Wenig and also *salam nyingi sana* (many hearty greetings) from the dying Ali who begged that his master might not think ill of him for having rescued only the letter-case — the box had been too heavy for him.

These simple-hearted carriers often voiced the bitterness of their feelings against the common enemy, and these feelings were mixed with considerable contempt. Shortly before the close of the campaign, two carriers through whose home district the column was just then passing, received permission to look up their homes and relations whom they had not seen for several years. They returned the very next day greatly downcast and told the adjutant of the General that the enemy had destroyed all their property, burned their houses, wasted their fields, their relatives had flown, because the English had assured them that the Germans were cannibals! »We shall remain with you,« they said, »wherever you may go. We are forced to make great marches, it is true, but you are good men and look after us. The Englishman is bad and lies.«

When General von Lettow-Vorbeck's small group of heroes were finally forced by Germany's disasters to lay down their proud and unconquered arms, the carriers, the servants, the Askari women and all the other followers, besieged the German officers day after day with questions as to the fate and future of Germany and German East Africa. They were above all things concerned as to who

was to govern their country in the future. They manifested the clearest, most unmistakeable hostility towards the English and never wearied of declaring that they loved their German rulers and desired their return.

It is indeed true that the German bred a very strongly »pro-German caste« in their East African colony. *But it is a caste which comprises the entire native population.*

"TENDERER HANDS."

This phrase is evidently one of the coinages of Lloyd George's ready and demagogic tongue. »It is high time that the German colonies were taken out of the claws of the Germans and confided to tenderer hands.« The fortunate possessor of these »tenderer hands« is naturally John Bull.

A memorial recently issued by the German Colonial Office* will afford the reader abundant and authentic examples and illustrations of what ruin and ravin these tender hands have wrought in England's own colonies everywhere throughout the world. We shall merely add in this place a few choice instances of how heavily this hand has weighed and still weighs upon our natives in German East Africa.

There is unimpeachable evidence to prove that the British administration has raised the maximum number of lashes in flogging sentences (fixed by German law at 25) to more than double in certain cases, in order that its orders and regulations might be given greater emphasis. And there are, moreover, witnesses to prove that this

* The Treatment of Native and Other Populations in the Colonial Possessions of Germany and England. Published by the German Colonial Office. 1919. On Sale by Hans Robert Engelmann. Berlin, W15.

humane innovation did not exist merely on paper, but that flogging proceeded regularly and merrily under the aegis of British rule — even though the quiet and secluded courts of the *bomas* were preferred to the bright glare of publicity.

German rule, with that wholehearted or, if you will, pedantic thoroughness which is one of our peculiarities, had taken care, by means of the most rigid regulations, that corporal punishment should not lead to a damaging of the culprit's health. He was therefore examined as to his state of health both before and after the chastisement. It was obligatory that a white man be present during the infliction of the punishment, and if at all possible, a doctor. The body of the delinquent was protected in such a manner by being covered with a cloth that only the »disciplinary surfaces« of the buttocks in the narrowest sense of the word, were exposed to the punishing rod, and no stray blow could injure the more sensitive parts. And if the skin did happen to burst upon occasion, then all further punishment was obliged to be suspended at once. The kindhearted and magnanimous Briton, however, refused to be hampered by such fussy and troublesome little restrictions. So without much more ado, he simply decreed that the body of the black culprit was to be naked for the flogging.

The physical chastisement of women was forbidden according to German law. But English chivalry, as has also been proved beyond question or doubt, has also permitted the whip to snap and curl across the backs of women's bodies.

In the face of notorious facts such as these, it is surely the very acme of hypocrisy for these diligent British

knights of the defamatory pen, not excepting Mr. Byatt, to seize upon precisely the favourite theme of flogging as a kind of overture to their tirades against the ill-treatment of natives by the Germans.

Not only was flogging intensified and increased by the British Government, but likewise the taxes, for example, in Useguha where the 6 rupees payable during the German administration were at once raised to 20 rupees after the occupation.

As to the incredible privations imposed upon the land by the incessant forcible requisitions of cattle and food supplies for the support of the huge enemy armies, that is something which may be better imagined than described.

In many cases the unfortunate blacks were deprived of their last possessions — even the reserve supplies which they had saved up for the event of a failure of crops or of famine. Once the East African negro was prosperous — to-day he is ruined. His herds of cattle, which ran into the million head, have for the greater part been destroyed. An inextinguishable hatred against England has thereby been implanted in the hearts of our once well-to-do and happy shepherd tribes.

The most senseless and wanton destruction of villages and fields is reported from various parts of the protectorate. The most bestial acts of this sort were, as might have been expected, perpetrated by England's Belgian allies who, following their Congo recipe, turned stretches of some of the most fertile regions into desert wastes — as for instance, in the district of Unyamwezi.

But the most permanent and disastrous achievement of these »tender hands« a curse which will blight the entire race for decades to come, lay in the havoc they wrought

among the most precious treasures of our East African colony — amongst the people themselves.

I have already referred to the fact that vast multitudes of carriers are necessary for carrying on warfare in Africa. It was natural, in view of the well-known attitude of most of the tribes in our colony, that these multitudes could not be procured in a voluntary manner. The English therefore without the slightest scruple, simply adopted the well-tried methods of the slave-hunters — force and cunning. English Askaris drove all the male inhabitants of certain districts before them like cattle and then led them away closely guarded. Even in Dar-es-Salaam, the capital, the negro quarter of was the scene of such raids. Another method was to surround the village squares in which the natives had assembled for the dance; the men would then be seized and pressed into English service. It even came to pass that the English slaughtered oxen for this purpose, and organized great dance-festivals, in order to overpower the unsuspecting guests and by means of this unforgivable treachery to deliver them into the grasp of those loving and »tender hands«. By such methods as these the English divested entire regions of their adult male population.

The best among the victims of such »enlistments« were trained as Askaris and driven into fighting against their own masters and their tribal brothers. Little attention was paid to the age, strength or health of these poor wretches. They were used and used up in the most ruthless way until they broke down or perished in their tracks. Countless numbers of them returned home sick and broken in health for the rest of their lives. The heart of many a German was wrung with pity on seeing

great bands of these wasted and sorrowful figures passing through the land. And yet *these* natives were among the fortunate ones. Hundreds of thousands of their fellow-sufferers will never see their villages again. The English neglected the obvious duty of caring for the safe and orderly return of these tremendous armies of carriers, in the most criminal manner. The inevitable consequence was that distempers broke out everywhere — spinal meningitis, dysentery, small-pox, the sleeping sickness — and these wrought terrible havoc among our unhappy natives. The magnificent results attained by the German Administration in the sphere of hygiene may be considered as ruined for generations.

Were it not substantiated by official data it would be impossible to believe how horrible was the wastage of black carriers by our enemies, especially our English enemies, in German East Africa. Some 30,000 dead carriers strewed the trail of the allies month after month. A part of these monstrous losses were borne by British East Africa, Portuguese East Africa and the Belgian Congo — the greater part was borne by our own territory.

But it was not enough that the British permitted our protégés and black comrades to perish by multitudes within the country — they even went so far as to drag them far beyond the confines of the African continent. Whole droves of these unhappy negroes were shipped to Marseilles as dock-labourers, or as carriers and workers to Mesopotamia, or as pit-labourers to the South African mines — those giant graves of the black race. Over 6000 men were transported alone from the Usambara district in 1917. The natives who were unable to pay the taxes imposed by the English, were first taken to an

assembly camp at Tanga, kept there for a time at some employment or other and then shipped on board vessels to be sent to countries whose climates were fatal to them and to a drudgery to which they were largely unaccustomed. Natives of higher rank whose pro-German sentiments were feared by the English were given the honour of deportation to St. Helena!

Never before did German East Africa suffer under so intolerable a burden as under the weight of Britain's tender hands. Never since the days of the infamous slave-drivers Mirambo and Tippu Tipp did so terrible and universal a calamity befall these ill-starred peoples.

Let not England lay the flattering unction to her soul that these things were the unavoidable consequences of the war. This war in the colonies and all the misery and suffering it entailed, was avoidable by the dictates of International Law. Germany (and for that matter, France and Belgium) was prepared to maintain the sanctity of the Congo Acts according to which East Africa was to be declared neutral territory in the event of war. England alone through her attack upon this protectorate unloosed the war in the Dark Continent. *Upon England and England alone the blame must fall.*

With groans and mutterings, the black peoples of our colony have borne the burdens and the sacrifices laid upon their backs by this régime of violence. The course which events took in the interior was similar to that already described as having taken place at Dar-es-Salaam. We are aware that following upon the gradual evacuation of our colony by our troops, more than one tribe professed a hasty inclination to become English. For the newcomers spoke many fair words to them and promised

many fair things, so that the simple-hearted black folk felt certain that heaven was about to descend on earth. But bitter disillusion followed swiftly and invariably. »Fine words — a bad heart.« Here and there riots and disturbances ensued, as even the British White Book acknowledges — but what did these avail against the overwhelming might of the tender hand?

Yet there was one factor in the land against which England's despotic will availed nothing. This was the German Askaris who had fallen into English captivity. Unrestrained by a single shred of respect for International Law, the English sought again and again to seduce these splendid soldiers, who had given them so much trouble, into taking service under England and fighting against their former leaders and comrades. But their efforts failed. And the answer which the loyal Askaris gave might have caused many an Englishman to blush — *for it was both a lesson and a rebuke.*

»We have sworn loyalty to the Germans,« our faithful black fellows would answer — »how could we ever fight against them?«

Few of my readers would have imagined that so high a sense of honour would prevail among these blacks. And yet, resisting both temptations and threats, thousands of German Askaris endured the hard lot of the prisoner, rather than break their word. And these brave men were brutalized and maltreated to the last degree in order to break their spirit. Their money and their possessions were taken from them, they were treated as common convicts and forced to work in chain-gangs still clad in full uniform — a fact attested by Captain Kieckhofer who saw this shameful spectacle with his own eyes. Entire

companies were deported to the British possessions — not to speak of the daily torments and tribulations they were forced to endure behind the barbed wire of the prison-camps. And the result? A few succumbed as might have been expected, certain others agreed to accept police-service. But the great majority proved themselves to be stronger than the tender hands and more righteous than the tender conscience of the Englishman.



THE QUESTION OF MONEY.

»The Germans are an honest people.« One of the greatest of Englishmen was guilty of this bold utterance, speaking to be sure, at a time when the game of moral Hun-baiting had not yet become the chief and chivalrous pastime of his countrymen. We Germans would not venture upon any such assertion, for we know full well that we have no more a monopoly of the world's honesty than of blue eyes or protuberant fronts. We may nevertheless be permitted to point out that the keenly-observant negroes of East Africa, with their natural and healthy instincts, have shown during the war that they shared the flattering conclusion arrived at by the Bard of Avon.

In matters of money the negro differs little from other human beings. It is the money test which will most infallibly prove who possesses his confidence and who does not.

Two parties confronted one another during the war: The one, the German, the poorer and thriftier, visibly growing poorer during the war: the other, the Englishman, with apparently unlimited stores of money to command. It would naturally be supposed that the negro would be for the Englishman? But softly, softly!

It was plain, to be sure, that the Englishman possessed great stores of money, but to the growing astonishment

of the beholder, it became plain that he needed still more money, a great deal more. Of all the innovations introduced by the new government, the most remarkable lay in the fact that money all of a sudden began to play a quite different and much more important part than ever before. The material at our disposal is still faulty and fragmentary, however authentic, and therefore in this instance, as in others, we cannot draw a conclusive nor comprehensive picture of the colony as a whole. Nevertheless, without attempting any cut and dried generalization, we shall make free to cite a number of attested facts, which should prove sufficient.

The taxes rose during the occupation — the wages sank. Why not the contrary? Money fines of an incomprehensible severity, in no wise related to the income of the offender, were frequently imposed. And why? Instead of punishing the native, who could not pay, his white master, who had not been sentenced, was mulcted in the sum required. Physical punishments could be bought off by means of money payments. No black man understands or appreciates this order, which is, of course, designed as a benevolent educational measure. Surely, thinks the native, there can be no comparison between my getting a beating and the judge pocketing 10 rupees? Bribery, which runs rife throughout the East, increased to an unprecedented extent. He who best greased the palm of the interpreter won his case in court. The night-prowler who chanced to be arrested after dark by the English police-Askari would be free to go his ways after he had dropped a couple of silver coins into the ready hand of the guardian of the law. Then there were innumerable tales of servants, carriers, tradesmen, who, on one pretext

or another or none at all, could not obtain their hard-earned and faithfully-promised money.

This was all very strange and aroused deep distrust. The new masters, great or little, white or black, all seemed to be bent on gaining as much and giving as little as possible. How much of the funds thus gathered really went into the state exchequer and how much disappeared into private pockets, it was impossible to ascertain. But an unconquerable suspicion took root in the native mind that the English and their followers were bent upon feathering their own nests. Such a generalization was bound to be exaggerated, but outrageous, undeniable examples of cutpurse tactics and extortion on the part of Englishmen in high positions became current. These tales flew from lip to lip with incredible swiftness throughout the whole country, in true African fashion, and they struck at the very roots of former native confidence in the English.

It has already been remarked that towards the end of the war, the Germans no longer had any possible means of satisfying the huge, ever-swelling budget of wages and soldier's pay accruing to their black following. But our good people were not at all disturbed by this fact. They were confident that we should send them the money as soon as this was possible, — deep and unshakable was their faith and proved over and over again both by word and deed. This common trustfulness showed itself at its brightest after the conclusion of the armistice, when the Germans were about to be transported from the colony. Great numbers of negroes, many of them absolute strangers, came to the departing Germans and offered them their papers and ready money, often con-

siderable sums. We were obliged to refuse or point out to them that it would be a long time, perhaps years, before we could return them their fortunes. »No matter, *bwana*«, they always replied, »just take care of it for us. If you don't, the English will take it away.«

Dismal must have been the experiences which occasioned this troubled state of mind and anxiety among the blacks in respect to the Britons. Truly a dark chapter, of which only a few features need be disclosed. Those blacks of ours who happened to fall into the hands of the Britons as prisoners were systematically robbed and cheated. When the captive Askaris were taken to the prisoners' camps at Tabora and Dar-es-Salaam, their clothes, their money and their various possessions were taken from them. The men themselves were witnesses of how the English divided the money among themselves and gave the clothes to their black troops. The same thing happened to the Askaris and the carriers of the detachment under Captain Theodor Tafel. This looting was not merely the work of the English Askaris, but also of Europeans — even officers of rank taking part in the shameful proceedings.

Binti Hamiss bin Seliman, an Askari woman, was deprived of 338 rupees, partly in notes, partly in silver, by an English Major at Utete on March 30, 1917. She was given two tickets, one for 287, the other for 51 rupees, and was told that she would receive money for these at Dar-es-Salaam. But not a penny was ever paid her.

The former Hospital »boy« Seliman bin Musa, had 109 rupees taken away from him at Utete by the same Major at the same time. He was refused a receipt.

The European »boy« Abdrachman bin Matamanga was robbed of 200 rupees in silver and 60 rupees in

notes at Kissangure by white troops under Colonel G. of the British Army. On complaining to this Colonel he was told that this was one of the usages of war. He obtained no satisfaction at Dar-es-Salaam.

In Tabora Englishmen robbed the heirs of deceased blacks of their entire legacies, among these being amounts up to 500 rupees, although the heirs were present and protested loudly. John Bull in a new rôle — the robber of the negro dead!

So far as the savings of the prisoners of war are concerned, the Briton will be certain to advance the statement that these moneys were kept on hand for the men and paid them upon their dismissal. Very well. Let us throw a little revealing light upon these things by means of official protocols.

From approximately August to December 1917, a German civilian prisoner of war, by name of Wichmann was regularly active at Dar-es-Salaam as an interpreter when the captive Askaris had their money taken from them. He himself was obliged to take the money from the blacks, and was never permitted to give them a receipt — despite repeated demands. He was compelled to tell the blacks that their money was perfectly safe in the office and that it would be returned to them upon their liberation. He placed the various deposits in envelopes, which he was forbidden to seal, and upon each envelope he wrote the number of the prisoner, the name and the sum. These envelopes he never saw again, though frequently occupied in the office. After Major Montgomery, who was Commandant of the camp at that time, resigned his post and was succeeded by Major Hosken, the fact came to light, that a large part of the money had disappeared.

A large transport of prisoners-of-war from Lindi was treated in the following manner: The day after their arrival at the camp they were ordered to appear in groups in the administration offices for the purpose of registering their personal effects. While this took place, Private MacIntyre and two Nubians went into the camp and ordered the Askaris who were still there to throw their own baggage as well as that of their comrades upon a large fire which had been lighted. This baggage of the Askaris, in addition to their other possessions, also contained the paybooks of the men, as well as their money. The Askaris begged leave to save at least their money, but in no case was this request granted. When several Askaris attempted to snatch their packs from the burning pile, they were beaten off by blows of the *kiboko*, or hippopotamus-hide whip. According to investigations made later, about 100,000 rupees were burned on this occasion. In spite of the complaints and lamentations of the Askaris, the English Commandant of the camp made no endeavour to see that the silver money which had not been burnt was recovered from the ashes. After a day or two, however, the blacks who were in English service, were permitted to pick out and keep these coins.

An English Lieutenant by name of Bobby who was at that time commissioned to administer the money of the prisoners in the camp at Dar-es-Salaam, had as his assistants three German prisoners-of-war — Herren Hameldt, Frisch and Neumann, who helped him to keep record of the moneys. During the course of this work, Herr Haneldt one day saw Lieut. Bobby slip a rolled-up series of bank-notes into his pocket. In answer to Herr Haneldt's question as to what he intended to do with

these notes, Bobby replied laughingly, that he would keep them as a »souvenir«. The money, both notes and coin, loose and in packets, lay higgeldy-piggeldy in a wooden chest without a lock. Bobby took a number of pay-books from this chest and asked Haneldt what they were. »Askari pay-books«, answered the latter. Hereupon Bobby tore the books to pieces, thus purposely destroying the only possible means by which the Askaris could demand their money. (Evidence as given under oath by Herr Haneldt before an English court.)

The same peculiar methods which had prevailed at the confiscation and the storage of the money took place when it was to be paid back. In the early part of 1918, the aforementioned Herr Wichmann once more served as an interpreter during the liberation of some 30 Askari prisoners of war. No record of their property was on hand. Those who were able to show a receipt were paid a sum of money without any examination being made as to the amount. The aforesaid Bobby simply thrust his hand into the chest and gave out notes by the handful, merely according to the bulk of paper, each handful being supposed to be 100 rupees! An honest negro Non-com., having counted his money, found that he had received 70 rupees beyond what was owing to him and came back to offer these to Bobby. But generosity is not difficult when combined with an utter indifference to the property of others, for Bobby answered:

»Get along, keep it for a present.«

This sample of English methods in money-affairs in relation to the natives suffices to explain the profound bitterness and suspicion aroused in them as to the honesty of the English. It is on record that Major Montgomery

was tried before a court-martial at Dar-es-Salaam during the Spring of 1919, charged with having stolen over 70,000 rupees from our brave black fellows.

These unsavoury things are not pleasant for German hands or pen to handle. Much rather would we speak and write only of those things which lead to understanding and reconciliation. But after such fathomless and immeasurable calumny has been heaped upon our people, after we have endured such incredible wrongs and insults and have been blackguarded with such satanic virulence, that Woodrow Wilson once more lost his head after the first flush of his victory and repeated the insane slanders of our foes in his speech upon the »League of Nations«, in Paris on Feb. 14, 1919, — after we have been aspersed as ruthless exploiters of our colonies, and as the brutal destroyers of our black protégés, then it becomes our imperative duty to drag the false accuser before the bar of our own all too well-founded accusations.

After things such as these England might well feel concerned for her future stay in German East Africa. Her name has been rendered infamous in this land, and the confidence of the people has been lost. Montgomery and his system will not be soon forgotten. Major Montgomery will remain an insurmountable barrier between England and the hearts of our East African subjects.

THE PLEBISCITE.

The world has been pretty unanimous in declining to accept the moonstruck idea of conceding to the negroes in the colonies the right of self-determination in the sense that they, might choose their own protectorate power by means of a plebiscite. It would be a mere comedy! cry some. It would be the beginning of the end of the European colonial empire, think others.

And yet England, the past master in the art of political stage tricks, scene-shifting and property working, could not resist the temptation of producing a few effective scenes of this comedy on the stage. How sweet, how touching are these tableaux! The guileless children of Nature, released at length from all evil and thralldom, cast a sidelong look of horror and reproach at the wicked Germans and lift their innocent eyes to their saviours:

»Master, remain with us! Do not leave us, master dear!«

The English White Book already referred to furnishes a review of this most moving bit of sentimental comedy. And the press of the greater part of the world yells its approval.

But like all other comedies — a look behind the scenes, and lo! — all illusion vanishes! A considerable number of German citizens of standing have seen this machinery of the Briton at work and will attest the accuracy of the following statements:

When Mr. H. A. Byatt, the official who had been sent out from England to administer the occupied territory of German East Africa, arrived, compulsory public »demonstrations« were arranged, which were intended to give visible expression to the submission of the natives. Shortly after this, drummers appeared in the streets of Tanga and announced an order of the British Government, to the effect that every native would be compelled to pay a war-tax of 1 rupee or undergo punishment. The sum thus filched from the pockets of the negroes was afterwards paraded in the English press as a »voluntary war contribution to express the joy of the natives at being liberated from German slavery.«

In 1917, all the *Akidas* (coloured police superintendants) belonging to the District Political Office of Tanga, were summoned to Tanga and examined by officials as to whether they and the natives living in their districts desired the return of the German Government or preferred to remain under English rule. Those who decided in favour of Germany were immediately dismissed from their offices and were forbidden to return to their »akidates.« Those who decided in favour of the English received a reward of 30 rupees and were permitted to retain their posts. One must confess that this was a very clear and illuminating procedure, the success of which might have been guaranteed from the beginning.

In certain other districts it must have been unpleasant for the English to take a personal part in this farce by enacting the inquisitioners. So they decided to send Askaris, armed black mercenaries strange to the land, who were to question our natives as to their political creed and to strengthen the faith of the righteous by means of

clinking coin. This procedure was still more simple and effective. Many chieftains in the District of Morogoro would come to the Germans who had remained there and tell them that they had been forced under threats of most cruel punishments and penalties to sign the petitions — not one in all the region had signed of his own free will.

But the English did not always reveal their hand in so crude a manner. Grown craftier by experience, they now went forward much more gingerly. A neat, very significant answer was given to them by a *Jumbe* (village «squire») at Tanga. This old diplomat uttered the following oracular words: »*Wengereza wazuri, lakini — Wa-deutschi vilevile*«. — »The English are good — but the Germans also!« He who knows the negro knows what this means. It is African courtesy. The words or sentiment of the mighty one are first repeated, then follows the little phrase that embodies one's own private opinion. This utterance reminds one of the answer which was frequently returned to the question:

»*Hali gani?*« — »How goes it with thee?«
»*Nyema, bwana, lakini mgonjwa sana;*« »Very well, master — but I am very ill.«

A comedy would fail of its purpose were no one to laugh at it. And as has been abundantly confirmed, our blacks were the first and foremost in this. They made merry over these comic individuals who force others to lie and who then pay for the lies with money. Of course it was amusing, they declared, but scarcely »*shauri safi*« — scarcely a clean bit of business. When the Germans came back things would once more be orderly and honest.

»If they would really know what we think,« remarked a group of natives in Dar-es-Salaam, »then they must send

two men — a German and an Englishman. Then all of us would vote for the German. But when the Englishman comes by himself, or only an English Askari with a big bayonet, then we are afraid and say whatever he pleases.◊

In spite of all this fol-de-rol the real sentiments of the people could not long remain unknown to the Briton. The concocter of the East African section of the English White Book assures his government from East Africa that he was convinced of the frank preference of our blacks for English rule, (◊very well, master◊) though he at the same time emphatically repeats his warning against attempting a general plebiscite (◊but I am very ill◊).

One degree of additional frankness and Mr. Byatt would have been forced to confess that the real plebiscite of the people had taken place everywhere long since and that this plebiscite was constantly manifesting itself anew with the clear result of a verdict entirely in favour of Germany. All the official paper petitions or protestations of sympathy which had been coerced or cajoled out of the natives by the janissaries of John Bull — what do they signify in comparison with the wild and spontaneous outbursts of love and confidence displayed towards the Germans — demonstrations which caused many a Britisher astonishment and discomfiture?

We have already given various examples of these feelings. But it will not be amiss to add a few more — incidents which took place in full publicity under the eyes of the wry-faced enemy.

After the first German prisoners of war had been brought to Dar-es-Salaam, they were at first permitted to leave the camp and to make visits in the town. In walking through the streets, however, they were received

with such wild jubilation by the natives that the permission to go to town was withdrawn the very next day. This unexpected display of the true feelings of the people did not at all fit into the British program.

The closer the time of departure approached, the more heartfelt and demonstrative were these displays of affection — the greater the anxiety as to whether it was to be a farewell for good. After the cessation of hostilities in December, 1918, when the protectorate troops were transferred right across the whole of East Africa by railway from Lake Tanganjika to Dar-es-Salaam, the Germans, despite the strict watch kept upon them, had many an opportunity of obtaining an idea of the sentiments of the people in the various districts. The journey was one of over 1100 kilometres and everywhere it was to be observed how little content were the natives with the English administration which had been in operation there for more than 2 years. Every black who was questioned upon the subject, gave convincing testimony to this effect and desired the return of the Germans.

The same thing happened at Dar-es-Salaam, where the members of the protectorate troops spent several weeks before being transported to Germany; Old and young kept harping upon the one, invariable theme:

»Come back again, for the love of God. What is to happen to us here without you? You see how the English have dirtied and wasted our lovely land, our Dar-es-Salaam. We wish to remain German and you must not leave us here alone under this bad foreign rule!«

No man who was there will ever forget Christmas in Dar-es-Salaam in 1918. The camp of the Europeans was opposite the camp of the Askaris. On Christmas Day,

the captive Askaris met and gave three fervent cheers for the Germans. A black non-Com. stepped forward and made a short speech. »He and his comrades had no doubt as to the seriousness of the present situation, but they also knew that the affair was not yet at an end (*shauri bado halijaischa*). No matter what might come, they would always be on the German side, man for man.« So spoke a man to whom the Germans had not been able to give a penny of his pay for years, who had lost all his goods and chattels through the war, and whose wife and child had perished of some war distemper. He spoke thus before his captive leaders and in the face of the triumphing enemy, fully aware that Germany had lost the war.

Could this have been the feeling only in the capital? Or perhaps only the feeling of the troops, conscious that they had remained unconquered to the last? Far from it!

Sergeant Rentel of the 11th Field Company, one of the last Germans to leave the interior, drove through the streets of Tabora with an English officer in a motor-car. Hereupon the natives came running together and formed great crowds, they held up the motor-car, surrounded it, wished to carry away Rentel in triumph and begged him to remain with them — they wanted the Germans to return. English Askaris came up, but were driven away by the excited populace. The English officer at Rentel's side was forced to grin and bear it. Rentel spoke to the natives in kindly wise and sought to quiet them and to induce them to let the motor-car pass; it was not yet decided whether the land was to go to the Germans or to the English. Finally the negroes permitted the motor-car to proceed, shouting at the tops of their voices:

»The Germans must come back!«

The Englishman had grown very thoughtful over this passionate revelation of the will and desire of the people. But now he gave unbridled vent to his astonishment:

»I confess I am puzzled. You Germans demanded so much of these people and now, after two years, they are still attached to you. Now, tell me, how do you manage this?«

The answer is simple enough. We manage it, as all men must manage who wish to harvest love — we have sown it. Our love for this land and these people was not mere sentimental foolery, nor a deceitful concealment of selfish ends, no — it was an affection which sprang from our heart of hearts, and from a sacred and a solemn conception of our task. Our love did not manifest itself in high-sounding words nor in artful dodging and expedients.

It was an active and a creative love which devoted itself to the welfare of its protégés and to the establishment of justice. Though subject to error now and then like all things human, this love found its way to the hearts of these people. It came back to us, like bread cast upon the waters, like an echo, in the cry that arose from a thousand throats as our men left the soil they had defended so heroically and so long, the farewell of our black friends:

»Kwa herini, rudini! Farewell! Auf Wiedersehen!«

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-6-50-87002

FOR USE IN
LIBRARY ONLY

Hoover Institution Library



3 6105 073 180 874

DT 445

P7452

945

